

DENNIS P. EICHHORN'S SEMI-SANGFROIDIAN SCENARIOS

NO.18 \$2.50 (\$3.25 CAN)
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SETH
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REAL STUFF

YOU RUINED MY WIFE!



WE ALL TAKE OUR LUMPS... AND EVERY SO OFTEN THEY COME FROM A

BAD COACH

BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN © 94
ARTWORK: LESLIE STERNBERGH

--I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS, EICHHORN!!!



ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH... I WAS AN OVERWEIGHT PRETEEN, AVIDLY READING A PAPERBACK IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY STORE.



...AND SHE WAS SWEET SIXTEEN, WORKING AT A SUMMERTIME JOB.

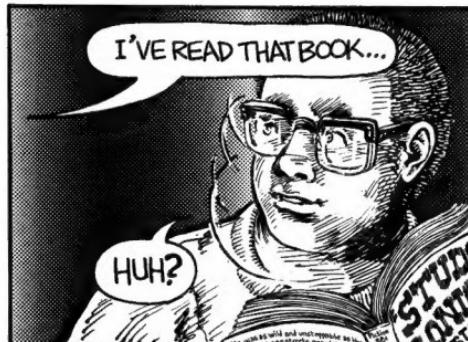


I'VE READ THAT BOOK...

HUH?

YOU HAVE?

YES... AND IT'S SEQUEL,
LET NO MAN WRITE MY
EPITAPH. I READ A LOT.

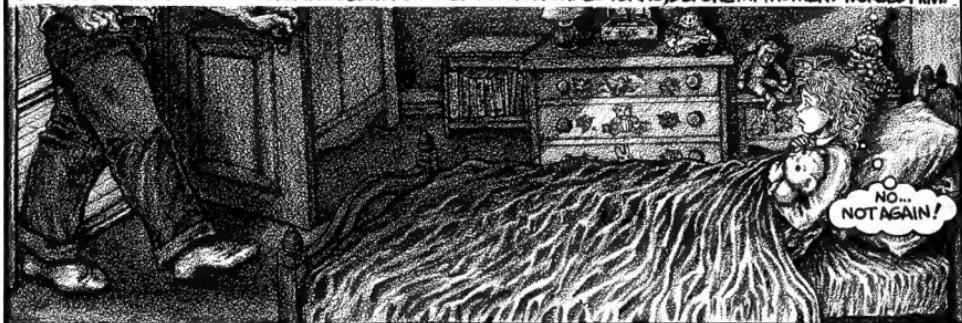




BEFORE LONG, I WAS A REGULAR VISITOR. LYNNE WAS HY, BUT WE'D MAKE OUT FOR HOURS IN HER BASEMENT REC ROOM. HER PARENTS WERE NEVER AROUND... JUST HER YOUNGER SISTER.



IT STARTED WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD... AND WENT ON FOR THREE YEARS, BEFORE MY MOTHER DIVORCED HIM."



"HE HAD ME GOOD AND SCARED."

YOU'D BETTER NOT TALK
ABOUT THIS... NO ONE
WOULD BELIEVE YOU, AND
BESIDES, IT'S AS MUCH
YOUR FAULT AS IT IS MINE.

"I FELT GUILTY AND CONFUSED."



SO WE NEVER SCREWED... AND I GRADUALLY STOPPED HANGING AROUND. A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, LYNN GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL...



...AND BY THEN I WAS ALL WRAPPED UP IN ATHLETICS.



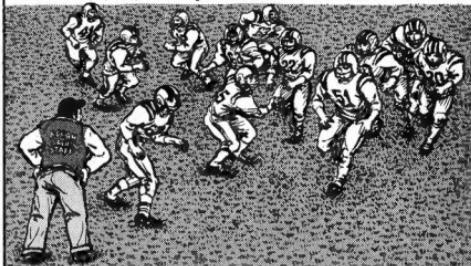
I DATED LIBBY A FEW TIMES.

HOW'S LYNN DOING?

GOOD... SHE'S MAJORING IN EDUCATION AT IDAHO STATE AND SHE'S ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.



BY THE TIME I WAS A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR, I SELDOM THOUGHT OF LYNN. AS THE SCHOOL YEAR BEGAN, I CONCENTRATED ON FOOTBALL.



FOR OUR NEXT TO LAST GAME, WE TRAVELED TO IDAHO FALLS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLIZZARD.

LOOK! THERE'S
THE HIGH SCHOOL!

THERE MUST BE A FOOT OF
SNOW ON THE FIELD!

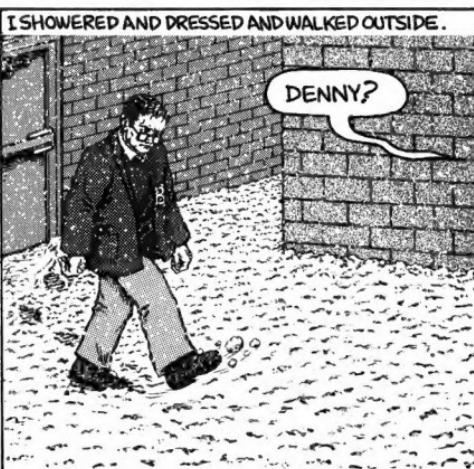
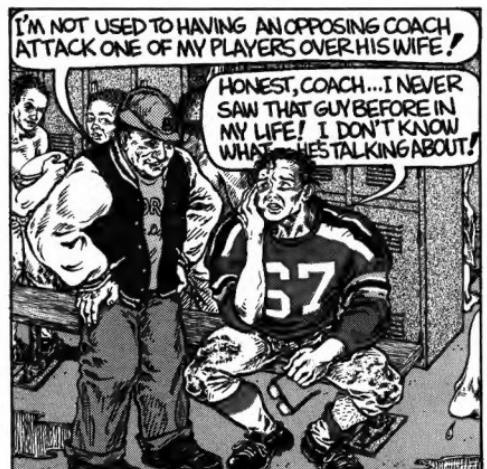


WE PLAYED THE GAME ON A FIELD SO SNOW-COVERED
THAT THE YARD MARKERS WERE UNREADABLE.
AT HALFTIME, OUR COACH HAD TO THREATEN US
TO MAKE US LEAVE THE LOCKER ROOM.



WE WON 50-12. I HAD NEVER BEEN MORE MISERABLE.
AFTER THE GAME, I WAS SO COLD AND WET
I COULD BARELY UNDRESS.







I WILL... I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON.

THANKS.



ONE MAN-ONE GLOVE:

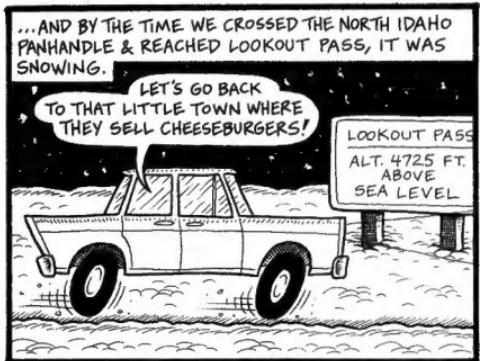
The Legend of

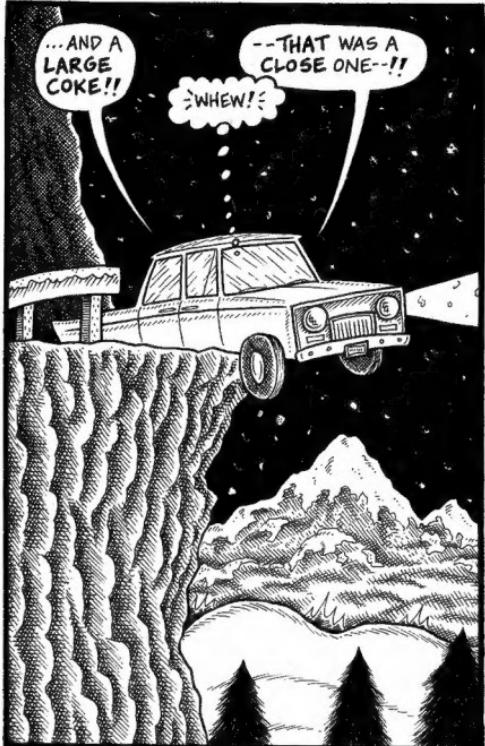
WILD MAN FISCHER

Part 4: Travels With Larry

© '94 by D. EICHHORN & J. WILLIAMS

THE BAROMETER WAS DROPPING STEADILY AS LARRY "WILD MAN" FISCHER, MY FRIEND PINCH, & I LEFT FOR MONTANA...





THE CROWD WAS DISPLEASED.



AS SOON AS LARRY FINISHED AND GOT PAID...



...WE GOT OUT OF THERE!



...AND THEN DROVE TO LEWISTON, IDAHO.



WE SPENT A MEMORABLE NIGHT
AT A LOCAL MOTEL...



THIS TIME I HANDLED THE MONEY...



...AND AFTERWARDS, WE TRAVELED TO MOSCOW, IDAHO.



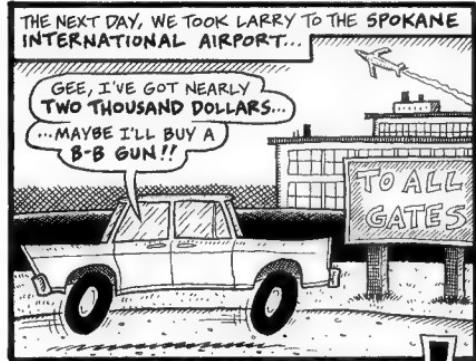
THE NEXT EVENING'S CONCERT WAS WELL-ATTENDED.



--THEN WILD MAN HIT THE STAGE!



...HE SANG A CAPELLA FOR TWO HOURS!!



THERE'S A LOT OF INFORMATION FLOATING AROUND ON THE STREET...
GOOD AND BAD, TRUE AND FALSE.

I REMEMBER THE TIME I GOT A SECOND-HAND



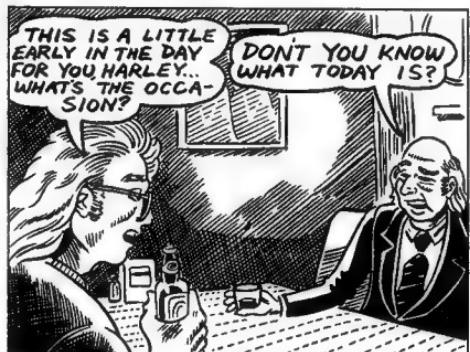
MESSAGE FROM JIMI

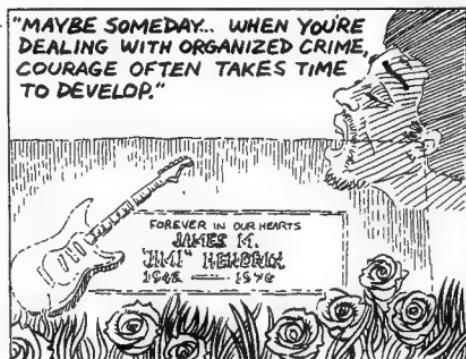
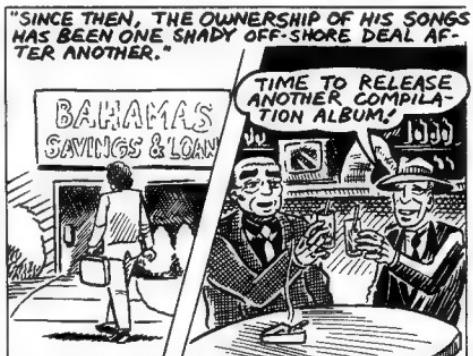
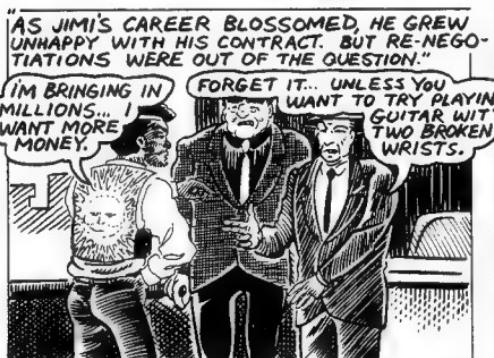
STORY BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN

ARTWORK BY STEVE LAFLER



HARLEY WAS A RESPECTED JOURNALIST AND EDITOR WHO COVERED THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY FOR YEARS.





The Raymond Chandler Riff

Aha!



BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN • ARTWORK BY ARIEL BORDEAUX

Life in San Francisco was simple and sweet! Money was in short supply...



...but it didn't seem to matter at the time.

We lived a couple of blocks away from the University of San Francisco



Since I didn't have a job, I got into spending my afternoons in the library's reading room.



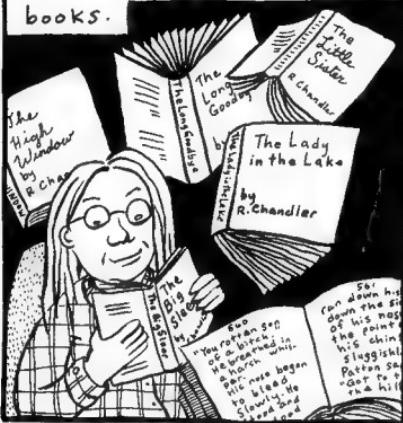
I read a lot of mysteries. Finally, I discovered the work of Raymond Chandler.



Chandler was a smooth, powerful writer.
And private eye Philip Marlowe, his creation...



Over the next few days
I devoured Chandler's
books.



Moose kills the club's manager...



...and makes his exit...



Maybe you got something there, but I wouldn't squeeze it too hard.



Marlowe takes an interest in the case, and goes looking for Velma and Moose. After asking a few questions at Florian's...



...leaving Marlowe to deal with the police.



...he buttonholes the desk clerk at a nearby hotel ...



After splitting a pint
with the clerk ...



Marlowe inquires about the former
proprietors of Florian's...



And what
happened to
Mike Florian?

Daid,
brother.



Left a widow.
Name of Jessie.

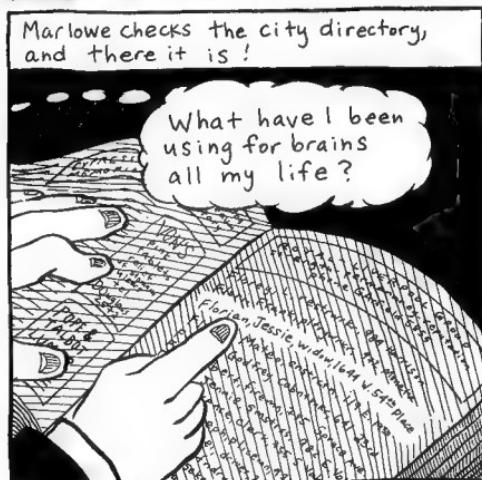


What happened
to her?



The pursuit
of knowledge,
brother, is the
askin' of
many questions
I ain't heard. Try
the phone
book.





I checked at the reference desk.

We don't have city directories here... you'll find them at the downtown branch of the city library.

Thanks.

REFERENCE

PUBLIC LIBRARY
CITY AND COUNTY
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Stately looking!

A helpful librarian showed me how to use the collection ...

... and we have directories for all the Bay Area municipalities, going back to the turn of the century in some cases ...

Gee!

... and I made the most of it in the years to come.

Here's a list of potential witnesses, Ace... See if you can track them down.

I'll get started on it right away.

WITNESS

L. CLANESKI
ATTORNEY AT LAW

I owe a lot to Raymond Chandler... and Philip Marlowe...

Look in the book, brother.

LOS ANGELES
CITY DIRECTORY

... and most of all to the desk clerk at the Hotel Sans Souci!

END

AH, SWEET GUILT... THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.
AND SOME PEOPLE ASSUME MORE THAN THEIR SHARE... ESPECIALLY
PEOPLE LIKE THE

BLACK-MAGIC WOMAN

I KILLED THEM!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT! THOSE
PEOPLE DIED BECAUSE OF
ME...



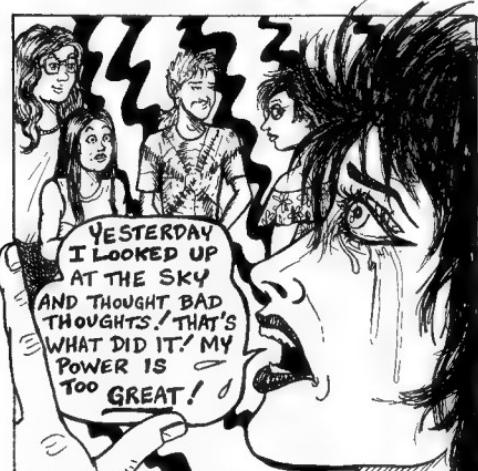
AND MY POWER!!

WE WERE LIVING IN A CHEAP ROOMING
HOUSE IN MOSCOW, IDAHO, WHEN WE
HEARD THE SCREAM.



WE RUSHED OUTSIDE TO INVESTIGATE.





DON'T TALK ABOUT ME AS IF
I'M NOT HERE! YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BRING ON
INNOCENT DEATHS!



SHE'S BEEN
BLAMING
HERSELF FOR
EVERYTHING
EVER SINCE
JFK WAS
ASSASSINATED.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT...
AND I'M SO SORRY!



THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO, SO
WE WENT BACK TO OUR APARTMENT.
THE SCREAMING AND HYSTERICAL
SOBBING WENT ON FOR WEEKS.



WHEN WE MOVED AWAY, THE LAST
THING AGNES TOLD US WAS...



BUT SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE...



EARLY IN THE
SUMMER OF 1963

PROCEED SOUTHWEST ON HIGHWAY
30 TO THE ADA-ELMORE COUNTY LINE.

TEN FOUR!

MY TANKER SQUAD WAS DISPATCHED TO ITS FIRST RANGE FIRE.



HEY! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY

MUST BE FROM MOUNTAIN
HOME AIRFORCE BASE.



車毀!



IT DIDN'T TAKE
LONG TO SUP-
PRESS THE FIRE.
WE'RE FINISHED

GOOD,
CLEAR OUT.

AND
KEEP QUIET
ABOUT THIS IF
YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD
FOR YOU.

GET BACK TO WORK!
WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK
IS GOING ON
HERE??

BEATS ME, SAY... ISN'T THAT
RICK RAPHAEL?



YEAH, HE'S A
NEWSPAPER
REPORTER.

HELLO MEN... I HEARD ABOUT THE FIRE OVER
THE RADIO, BUT THERE WAS NO MENTION OF AN
AIRPLANE. WAS THE PILOT HURT?



YEAH, HE'S CHINESE
OR SOMETHING.





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A Pyramid Scan



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